SHEEPSKIN,

BEESWAX.

As sung nightly with thunders of Applause, by Dan Emmit, at White's Melodeon, 53 Bowery, N. Y.

Now I'm gwine to sing a song
'Bout old Aunt Jemima,
Who used to make de Blister Plaster,
Down in North Carolina.

CHORUS.

Sheepskin, Beeswax,
Bergindy pitch and plaster,
The more you try to pull it off,
It only sticks the faster.

Old Aunt Jemima had a dog,
His tail was rather stumpy,
She put the plaster on his back,
And draw'd him to a monkey.
Sheepskin, beeswax, &c.

She bought a box of blacking,
So big, or a little bigger,
She put de plaster on de box,
And draw'd it to a nigger.
Sheepskin, beeswax, &c.

She had a horse and cart,
They stalled upon de level,
She put de plaster on de cart,
And draw'd 'em to de debble.
Sheepskin, beeswax, &c.

Old Aunt Jemima's dead and gone,
You may'nt believe the story,
Dey put de plaster on her head,
And draw'd her up to glory.
Sheepskin, beeswax, &c.

J. Andrews, No. 38 Chatham St., N. Y.
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